

The Bloody Bed-Roll:

Or, Treason displayed in its Scarlet colours.

Being a Discovery of the most notorious Plotters, and Grand Conspirators, of a company of Rebellious Subjects, not to be parallel'd in all Ages. With a list of the Names of the chief Actors; And the Sentence of Terror pronounced against them for their TREASONABLE DESIGNS.

OLD OLIVER's gon to the dogs,
Oh! No I do mistake,
He's gone in a Wherry
Over the Ferry,
Is call'd the Stygian Lake.
But Cerberus that Great Porter
Did read him such a Lecture,
That made him to roar
When he came a shoar
For being Lord Protector.
*News, news, news,
Brave Cavaliers be merry,
Chear up your sad souls
With Bacchus Bowls,
Of Claret, White, and Sherry.*

Where is that Cursed Crew
That sat on the Kings grand Jury,
By thy damned soul
Go fetch them N.I.
Quoth Pluto in his fury.
Where is old Joan thy wife,
Her Highness I would see,
Come let her in
She shall be my Queen,
For a Cuckold thou shalt be.
News, news, &c.

Make room for a Ramping Lady
One of the Devils race,
This ugly Witch,
Spit in the Kings sweet face.
I'll make her a Lady of honour,
Quoth Pluto let her in,
And open the door
For this old Whore
Shall wait upon my Queen.
News, news, &c.

Here comes Sr. HENRY MARTIN
As good as ever pist,
This wenching beast,
Had Whores at least
A thousand at his list:
This made the Devils laugh,
So good a friend to see,
At Pluto's Court
There's beter sport,
Come thou shalt dwell with me.
News, news, &c.

Bid Caron bring his boat,
Here comes a man of fame,
Who hath waited here
Above a year,
JACK BRADSHAW is his name.
O ho quoth Pluto then,
As loud as he could yawl,
By Oliver's Nose
I did suppose
Thou hadst been at White-Hall.
News, news, &c.

Thou art welcome to my Court,
Here on my scroul I find,
I have in store
A thousand more
As Arrant Rouses behind.
Why art thou sad quoth Pluto,
My servants must appear,
Then do not grudge
I'll make thee Judge
Of all my subjects here.
News, news, &c.

Here comes a Friend of mine,
Make room for the Lord LISLE,
His guests at last
Did come so fast
That made old Pluto smile.
Thou must along with me,
Now 'tis too late to rue it,
Thy damned soul
Is on my Scroul
Remember Doctor Hewet.
*News, news, news,
Brave Cavaliers be merry,
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What is the cause Sir ARTHUR
Your Pulses go so quick?
'Tis Bishops Lands
That's in your hands
Which makes them beat so thick.
The Oath of Abjuration
Was for a worser thing,
For the Devil and thou
Did study how
We should abjure the KING.
News, news, &c.

Next comes Sir HENRY MILD MAY
As good as ever twang'd,
What Laws had we
When he was King?
And honest men were hang'd?
Perhaps the Kings good grace
May pardon what is past,
But that's all one
At Pluto's Court,
Thou must appear at last.
News, news, &c.

Shall Traytors be conceal'd?
Oh! no Sir HENRY VANF,
'Tis a pittiful thing
That our good KING
That Traytors are in grain.
If thou wilt take the pains,
Then pray thee go and look,
For I am told,
Thou art enrol'd
In Pluto's bloody Book,
News, news, &c.

Here comes the Learned SPEAKER,
Whose baggs of Gold do rust,
Who would not hear
A Cavalier
Though his cause were nere so just,
Corruption bears the sway
Where Justice is deni'd,
The Devil take him,
And Mr. PIM,
And likewise Colonel PRIDE.
News, news, &c.

Make room for Sir JOHN HEWSON
A Lord of good account,
'Twas a pretty Jest
That such a Beast
Should to such honour mount.
When Coblers were in fashion,
And Pigberds in such grace,
'Twas sport to see
How PRIDE and he
Did juggle for the place.
News, news, &c.

What dreadful shew is this?
'Tis PRIDEAUX or his Ghost,
He makes such haist,
And comes so fast,
I think He's riding Post.
A Lawyer if thou art,
Amongst the damned souls,
At Pluto's Barre
'Tis better farre
Then pleading at the Roles,
News, news, &c.

Make room for Dr. PETERS,
And Cornet JOYCE also,
One of these twain
The worst that came
Was he that gave the blow:
One of these Cursed Rogues
Was he that did the feat,
But some men say
'Twas the Lord GRAY
That made the work compleat.
News, news, &c.

A Boat for this Old Doctor
To crosse the River Styx,
For Pluto he
Desires to see
Some of his Antick tricks.
My Cheapside thou shalt be
What more can be desir'd?
Oh! no quoth he
My Leat is not expir'd.
News, news, &c.

Oh! my Rump, my Rump, my Rump,
My Rump smells wonderous strong,
The blisters rise
About my Thighs
With voting here so long,
My Rump is grown so sore,
I can no longer sit,
Hold up thy Bum,
The Devil is come
With a Plaister to cure it.
News, news, &c.

When Pluto keeps his feast,
His servants must appear,
And Mr. SCOT
I had forgot,
Must tast of his good Chear.
Find out the man quoth Pluto,
That is the greatest sinner,
If COOK be he
Then COOK shall be
The Cook to Cook my dinner,
News, news, &c.

God blesse the KINGS good grace,
And keep him from his foes,
I wish the rather
Because his Father,
Had too too many of those.
God blesse the Duke of YORK,
His Sister and another,
Accurst be those
That do oppose
The welfare of his Mother.
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